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DAILY-WEEKLY-SUNDAY

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SUNDAY, JUNE 30, 1907.

Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see.
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me.
—Pope.

Going Out of Town?

Subscribers who leave the city temporarily should have The Times-Dispatch mailed them. Addresses will be changed as often as requested.

You can keep fully informed about Richmond affairs only through The Times-Dispatch.

Before leaving mail or "phone your address to this office. Phone 4041, City Circulation Department.

A MENACE TO HUMAN LIFE.

The acquittal of Judge Loving is enough to alarm the State. If this trial and verdict establish a precedent in Virginia, hereafter when a woman charges a man with an offense against her honor, and relates it to a male member of the family and so inflames his passion as to cause a "brainstorm," such a man will be justified in slaying the person accused. It will matter not whether the woman's story be true or false; whether it be an exaggeration or a pure invention. Not a word of testimony can be introduced in court to impeach the witness. The only thing necessary will be to make the jury believe that she told such a story to the prisoner at the bar and that the shock of it deprived him of his reason for the moment. If the prisoner was once a drunkard and had injured his brain and weakened his will power by strong drink, so much the better for his case. He will be less responsible in law than otherwise he would have been.

Can any doctrine more dangerous than this be imagined? It is simply astounding. We have the Southern instinct. We understand why a Virginia jury will not convict a man who has slain another, if that other have debauched his home. But we balk at this new version of the "unwritten law," which is the worst form of lynch law.

If this doctrine be accepted in Virginia, it will be impossible to convict any man who has murdered another, provided only he can induce some woman in his family to swear in court that she told him the victim had dishonored her. It matters not how bad the man may be. It matters not how bad the woman may be. The law is no respecter of persons. A plea which suffices in one case must be quite sufficient in another. And why should a woman be necessarily involved? If a man hears from many source a charge against another which so enrages him as to produce a brainstorm, whether the story be true or not, he is justified in committing murder.

This must not be the practice in Virginia. We are carrying the "unwritten law" and the doctrine of irresponsibility to absurd and dangerous extremes. Public sentiment must be aroused and crystallized, and there must be a radical revision of the criminal law by the next Legislature.

ANOTHER HINT TO THE GRAND JURY.

The Times-Dispatch is gratified that the grand jury will inquire and report whether or not there is an ice trust in Richmond. If it be found that such a combination exists, some way will be found to destroy it, in spite of the fact that there is no special statute on the subject. Even if the law is powerless, there is the great court of public sentiment, which the ice dealers of Richmond dare not defy. It is surprising, however, that the Legislature has failed to enact a law bearing directly on this subject, as the Constitution of the State expressly provides that "the General Assembly shall enact laws preventing all trusts, combinations and monopolies, inimical to the public welfare."

It cannot be questioned that such a combination as is said to exist among the ice dealers of Richmond is inimical to the public welfare, and, therefore, contrary to the spirit of the Constitution.

Another matter. While the grand jury is at work, we hope that the members will turn their attention also to the question of gambling. The Times-Dispatch is informed that there are more poker dens in Richmond than ever before known; that they are conducted under the guise of social clubs, but that they are operated for the profit of the individuals who manage them, and that any

person may become a "member" on application. We are further informed that intoxicating drinks are furnished free to the players, and that the gambling and drinking proceed on Sunday, as well as on other days of the week. If such resorts exist in this city, they are on a par with the fake social clubs which flourished a while back, but were soon put out of business.

Let the grand jury investigate and ascertain whether or not the fake social clubs have been supplanted by fake gambling clubs. There is plenty of law on this subject.

Of course, these rumors are not to be construed as in any way reflecting on the Police Department, which is efficient and diligent. We do not even know that the information we have received as to poker clubs is reliable, but the charge is made as above outlined, and the grand jury should take note of it.

GOVERNOR SMITH'S INAUGURAL.

In his inaugural address yesterday, Governor Hoke Smith, of Georgia, recommended an amendment to the State Constitution fixing a new standard for suffrage, being much the same as the constitutional provisions in Virginia and other Southern States. His proposal embraces the "grandfather clause," the "understanding clause" and the "property clause." The latter includes any person who owns forty acres of land on which he lives—with or without the traditional mule—or five hundred dollars' worth of property of any description in the State of Georgia. The "grandfather" provision is to expire in 1915. Any person qualifying under either of these provisions, however, will be a voter for life, unless he disqualifies himself by failing to pay his taxes or committing a crime. Mr. Smith made his fight for Governor on this platform, being vigorously opposed by Editor Clark Howell, who favored the existing plan of suffrage. Mr. Howell claimed that Georgia was getting along comfortably with the negro voter, and he saw no reason for making the proposed change.

But as Mr. Smith went out, it is probable that Georgia will adopt his recommendations, and fall into line with other Southern States. His contention is that there is no restriction upon the right of a State to fix the qualifications of those who may vote except the fifteenth amendment, "and if it happens," says Governor Smith, "that the members of some particular race lack more than others these qualifications, their inability to become voters is not 'denied or abridged' on account of race or color, but on account of the fact that they do not possess the qualifications which we legally fix as Georgia's standard—the qualifications being required of all without reference to race or color."

That is the unwritten law of the land and is accepted by the great majority of the American people, for it is nature's law—the survival of the fittest.

Governor Smith insists, however, that the negro race in Georgia should be treated with kindness, and must be treated with justice; that there is no place in his State for riots and mobs; that it is the duty of the Governor to exhaust the power of his office to enforce the law and prevent lynching, and that he will perform that duty. In that position he is sustained by the best sentiment of the entire South.

SLANDERING THE DEAD.

On former occasions—particularly at the time of the Confederate Renmin in Richmond—the daughter of Jefferson Davis denied the outrageous story that "the clothes worn by Mr. Davis while attempting to escape, had come into possession of outsiders, anxious to sell them for fabulous prices. Most Confederates had hoped that the idle stories would not be repeated, especially when it was known that the identical garments are now in the museum in Richmond.

Another idiotic and slanderous echo comes, however, from Washington, the statement having been made that the waterproof cloak and shawl worn by Mr. Davis "in his notable effort to escape" had been found by the private secretary of the Secretary of War, and that they may be placed in a glass case in the secretary's reception room.

In the first place the alleged garments were not the property of the dead President of the Confederacy. In the second place the government has no right to exhibit them as such, and common decency and a due regard for the truth would forbid such shenanigans attempts. If the cloak and shawl had been owned by Mr. Davis the government should have the courtesy to return them to the family. Every loyal Confederate will resent most bitterly this piratical and spectacular desire on the part of a government employee. The feeling would be the same if the ragged relics had really adorned the wardrobe of a statesman who suffered more than his share of burdens before death brought relief to his soul. The story of this "valuable" find is purely a fabrication, and the Secretary of War should at least reprimand his officious clerk and do justice to himself by correcting it.

ORCHARDER'S CONFESSION.

For printing "The Autobiography of Harry Orchard," McClure's Magazine has been put in the dime novel and dime magazine class by certain newspapers which believe that the publishers are in sore straits for something exciting and profitable. That may be true. Another view of the question, however, is that a good and wholesome purpose may be served by giving to the world in detailed form the most astounding confession ever made by a criminal before a court of justice. The story in the magazine differs somewhat from Orchard's recital on the stand, for it comes more deeply into a series of crimes and is put forth, not to defend himself or convict another, but to

divulge facts of which the public has a right to be informed.

It is left for the individual mind to determine just how much of the assassin's story is true, just how much has been corroborated by other witnesses. In passing judgment each person is guided to an extent by opinions formed heretofore and by sympathy, whether for the accused or for the authorities of the law sincerely anxious to avenge a most infamous crime. The confession is not meant for babes and sucklings. It is horrible at best. It gives information to persons according to their ability and willingness to accept it, and may be regarded as a fair exposition of conditions which existed in the mining regions before and after the assassination of Steunenberg. It is not elevating or edifying, not instructive, and even if we accept it with more than the proverbial grain of salt, it is a contribution to criminal literature that stands alone. Certainly, the publication of it will not incite others to similar madness.

AN UNCONSCIOUS PROPHECY.

The News Leader of Friday afternoon published the following thrilling story:

ROCKPORT, TEX., June 28.—Mamma, the two-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Moody, of Waco, was carried into the hall yesterday by a bundle of toy balloons, which an Italian peddler on the veranda of the hotel tied around her waist, thinking to please her. Before the spectators could recover from their surprise she was wafted out to sea fifty feet in the air. A launch occupied by George Munafie, of Denver, was in the bay, and he came to the little girl's rescue, "firing at the bundle of balloons," he punctured several of them, and she began to settle downward, finally landing safely twelve feet from the water on the shore of St. Joseph's Island.

The story is interesting enough in itself, but it has a peculiar interest for The Times-Dispatch, as we chance to remember that some fifteen years ago an identical story was related and published by a well-known citizen of North Carolina. The Carolinian's story was located at a country fair, and its publication caused a great sensation at the moment. The same writer created a greater sensation by sending to a New York newspaper a circumstantial account of the burning of the Natural Bridge of Virginia, after which he confessed to this writer that each of these wondrous stories was the pure invention of his imagination, and had no foundation in fact.

It turns out, however, that the balloon romance was prophetic, and a few days ago found its fulfillment at Rockport, Texas, as related in such graphic detail by our afternoon neighbor, which verifies the saying that is written, that truth is stranger than fiction.

We warn the Virginia authorities to take out at once an insurance policy on the Natural Bridge. If one of the Carolinian's visions was prophetic, why not the other?

JUDAH.

(Selected for The Times-Dispatch.)

"Judah, thou art he whom thy brethren shall praise; thy hand shall be in the neck of thine enemies; thy father's children shall bow down before thee."—Gen. xlix. 8.

Judah means praise. God is praised for him, in him and by him; therefore his brethren shall praise him forever and ever.

Many different lines might be followed in the use of this text. But we shall use Judah as a type of our Lord Jesus Christ, who sprang from the tribe of Judah, who is the heir of the royal house of David, and the Shiloh or Messiah predicted by Jacob. We shall use both the man Judah and the tribe of Judah in the parallel.

(1.) Judah's praise. "Thou art he whom thy brethren shall praise." They who know him best; to whom he is nearest in relationship; for whom he is most concerned—they praise him most. Is this not true of Jesus?

He is first in intercession. This is his covenant blessing as given by Moses, the man of God: "Hear, Lord, the voice of Judah."

This he proved in intercession with his father, Jacob, when he gained his consent to carry Benjamin to Egypt. (Gen. xliii. 3-10.) And in pleading with Joseph when he would have detained Benjamin. How touchingly he spoke! How earnestly he offered himself as a substitute! (Gen. xlv. 14.) So Jesus ever liveth to make intercession.

He is first in wisdom. To Judah belonged the man who was filled with the spirit of God, so that he could carry out the plans for the work of the tabernacle in the wilderness. "See, I have called by name, Bezaleel, the son of Uri, the son of Hur, of the tribe of Judah, and I have filled him with the spirit of God in wisdom, and in understanding, and in knowledge, and in all manner of workmanship." And in Jesus dwelleth all the fullness of the Godhead bodily.

To Judah came the legislative power. "Judah is my lawgiver." "The sceptre shall not depart from Judah, nor a lawgiver from between his feet, until Shiloh come."

He takes precedence in offering. He that offered his offering the very first day was Nahshon, of the tribe of Judah. So with Christ: "Lo, I come to do the will of God."

He takes precedence in march or in war. In descent or ascent, in battle or progress, in the first place went the standard of the tribe of Judah. (Num. x. 14, and Judges 1. 2.) And of our Lord: "In all things He has the pre-eminence."

David was chosen of the Lord to be King of Israel from the tribe of Judah. "He refused the tabernacle of Joseph, and chose not the tribe of Ephraim, but he chose the tribe of Judah." David was the type of the King of Kings.

If Judah's triumphs abroad, "Thy hand shall be in the neck of thine enemies."

This may be illustrated by the life of David. He passed through severe conflicts, when a lad guarding his

sheep and when a man hunted by Saul, but at all times showed courage, relying on God for help. He gained great victories; he founded a great empire; he utterly crushed the forces of his foes, and broke the neck of all opposition.

So has our Lord done by His life, death, resurrection, reigning-power and second coming.

III. Judah's honors at home. "Thy father's children shall bow down before thee." Although he was the fourth son, and not the beloved Joseph, he became the head of the family.

He was clothed with lionlike power. "He couched as a lion and as an old lion." In him was both the lion rampant and the lion couchant. And of our Lord it is said: "The Lion of the tribe of Judah hath prevailed."

He is the centre of all assembling. "To him shall the gathering of the people be."

His glory is his meekness. "Binding his foal unto the vine and his ass's colt unto the choice vine." And again of our Lord: "Thy King cometh meek and sitting upon a colt, the foal of an ass."

He is to be king forever. "Ephraim compasseth me about with lies, and the house of Israel with deceit, but Judah yet ruleth with God."

Hallelujah! The Lion of the tribe of Judah shall reign forever!

Are we among the foes against whom He fights as a lion? Let us beware how we rouse Him up!

Are we among His friends for whom He fights? Then let us praise Him with all our hearts and hasten now to bow down before Him. For are we not His Father's children?

The railroads seem to be carrying the day at Asheville, Judge Pritchard having enjoined the railroad commissioners of North Carolina from enforcing the two and one-half cent rate, pending a further hearing of the case.

But the greatest point gained by the railroads is the ruling that the burden is on the commission to show that the new rates are not in violation of the fourteenth amendment, as alleged by the railroads, and not confascatory.

As incident to deciding the matter of argument, says the Asheville Citizen, "the judge ruled that the railway had made a prima facie case, and the commission must rebut it. The indicated position of the commission's counsel was that no injunction would lie unless the railway made it clear and unmistakable that the new rates would certainly deprive it of revenue. The ruling of the judge is taken to establish either that for the present the railway has made out such a case, or that no such unmistakable and certain proof is requisite."

If this ruling is sustained by the higher courts, rates made by the State commissions will be almost impossible of enforcement.

The National Afro-American Council has declared war on President Roosevelt. Mr. Roosevelt is now in better position than ever to get the promise of a Southern State.

One of the leading pleasanties of the facetious Houston Post is the habit of referring to its State as "Grand Old Texas." The joke, of course, lies partly in the use of the word "grand," but principally in the use of the word "old." Texas, it is true, is several years older than Oklahoma, but from the point of view of Virginia, is obviously the crassest of parvenus. Virginia had been busy molding the destinies of America for a century or so before Texas contrived to get standing-room on the map.

Other cities are excitedly making plans to minimize arson, lockjaw and homicide on the yclept glorious Fourth. Nothing of that sort is necessary here. Richmond is celebrated for having the most orderly, refined and cultured Fourth in America.

They have just unearthed a plot in Russia to steal \$50,000,000 from the government treasury. This sets a new standard for conspiracies, and leaves Mr. Roosevelt's little \$5,000,000 affair miles astern.

"Who has stolen my youth away?" demands an Alabama poet. Well, our old friend Procrastination is known to have done with the sickening alacrity along that line.

After their visit to Virginia, those 200 observing Texans will find it more impossible than ever to pretend to be happy in the Lone Star State.

A critic advances with the assertion that Rudyard Kipling is as good a poet as Alfred Austin. In our candid opinion, so is Wm. Shakespeare.

Ten thousand pigeons. It is said, live in the downtown "loop" district of Chicago, but there are no peace doves nearer than Skibo Castle.

Still, Mr. Taft can hardly expect the President's whole-hearted endorsement as long as he sports such an anti-tennis figure.

Probably the political bookmakers would still give you most any kind of odds against Colonel Watterson's dusky nag.

Sensor Reverend's marriage will touch him how trifling is his present knowledge of the art of controversy.

A loud and ominous silence continues to proceed from the general direction of Chancellor Day.

Down here in the South the most popular political authors are doubtless the State's writers.

An American girl has married a Japanese gentleman. Now for a big navy, Hobson!

Sometimes presidential booms turn out to belong to the crang family.

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LARGE CHOICE SHIPMENT OF THE BEST FRUITS.

Any size basket prepared and delivered anywhere in Richmond. Express shipments made on order out of town.

PAUL BIANCHINI,

FRUITS, CONFECTIONERY, BODA WATER.

700 E. Main St.

Rhymes for To-Day.

SAD BALLAD OF THE LOVELORN SIMIAN.

LA PET monkey committed suicide after his young mistress married and left him.—Chicago Dispatch to Washington Post.

MONKEY loved a lady, but
She didn't love him back;
He was an ardent little muck;
And would waste his days pursuing,
Not he! he! spent his days pursuing,
Courtship, planning, hoping, wooing.

She had a manly lover, who
Was much more to her mind,
Which fact although the monkey knew,
He could not be resigned—
No, no! He clung on to the notion
That he might yet win her devotion.

She wed the other party and
Removed to foreign parts;
Whereon a monk came to understand
The pang of broken hearts.

He brooded much, and soon concluded
That life's a bore when love's deluded.

One day they couldn't find him for
The longest kind of time;
And when at last they did—oh! lor!
They'd stumbled on a crime!

Monk lay stark dead, his features
Paled,
His inside full of Prussic acid.

Well, that's the tale they tell me, and
I pass it on to you;
Some monkey-notions beat the band,
Some monkey-business, too.

And now, if you're not aching,
Which know Strict Truth from Nature—
Faking.
H. S. H.

MERELY JOKING.

Not a Mere Company.

"May we have the pleasure of your company this evening, Colonel?" she asked.
The Colonel drew himself up haughtily and replied, with every evidence of offended dignity: "Madam, I command a regiment."
—Kansas City Independent.

Wanted to Be the Last.

"What! You going to propose to Miss Heartburn? Why, you're the last man in the world who'll engage her!"
—Spokane Review.

A Wise Precaution.

Little Ethel: "Mamma, don't people ever get punished for telling the truth?"
Mamma: "No, dear, why do you ask?"
Ethel: "Well, you're telling me that you looked the last three tarts in the pantry and I thought it better tell you."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Long Wait.

Bill Nye when a young man once made an engagement with a lady friend of his to take her driving on a Sunday afternoon. The appointed day came, but at the lively stable all the horses were taken out save one old, shaky, exceedingly bony horse.

Mr. Nye hired the nag and drove to his friend's house. The lady was waiting nearly an hour before he was ready, and then on viewing the disreputable outfit flatteringly said to the company: "What a fine horse!"

"Why," she exclaimed sneeringly, "that horse may die of age any moment."
"I'm not a horse," said the young man, "I'm a man, and I'm a prancing young steed."—Harper's Weekly.

The Way It Is Now.

"Well, have you made enough money to retire on?"
"Not yet."—I've made enough to stay up all night on."—Cleveland Leader.

POINTS FROM PARAGRAPHS.

MISSOURI is the fourth honey-producing State in the Union. It is the only one that put in their time under the politicians' bonnets would only get out and do their duty. Missouri would even beat the world.—St. Louis Republic.

The eyes are the windows of the soul, and the soul is the seat of the intellect.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

One of the silver lemonsade goblets presented by Kansas to the Kansas fair, of course, had a highball that will make a naval officer feel as happy as a thirty-mile breeze.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Senator-elect Gore, Oklahoma's blind statesman, may reflect that there is no one with a seat in the Senate so blind as the one who won't see better news.

"Roosevelt is far and away the most popular man in this country," says John W. Gorman, of New York. "He is the more popular he is with Mr. Harriman."—Washington Herald.

John Temple Graves, writing in the Atlanta Georgian, says: "The conviction despends that William Graham is the moral leader of the American statesmanship has produced since George Washington."

We have a depressing reason for believing it to be high time for him to crawl back into the band-wagon.—Chicago Record-Herald.

COMMENTS OF VIRGINIA EDITORS.

Virginia Women.

Referring to our tribute to the women of the First Norfolk Virginian-Pilot says: "The commendation is altogether deserved, but it is safe to say that there are but few women in the State whose names are so familiar to the people as those of the women of the South have gained in other respects, their women and their men are the name of the day."

A Score for the Editors.

It has been stated that Kansas has thirteen bankers but no editors in prison, while the Sunflower State sends three editors and one banker to the penitentiary. This may be taken as a point in favor of the editors, but it all depends on how a man regards Congress.—Newport News.

A Warm-Under Subterfuge.

The "subterfuge" was the defense in the Loving trial in progress at Houston, Halifax county, Va., this week. The unwritten law, like "Emotional insanity," is a warm-under subterfuge for dodging justice. Apply the laws of our statute books, which are applicable to every crime, and let us have done with the sickening sentimentality and spirit of lawlessness of the so-called unwritten law.

It is estimated that the sun will be able to supply the present amount of heat for about 5,000 years.

A consul at Trebizond writes that recently it took eight months for some silylographs to come by express from America to a port on the Black Sea.

In England female labor has almost disappeared in agricultural pursuits; in Germany it still constitutes over eight per cent. of the total number of workers.

Several years ago Denmark began to utilize convicts for cultivating the soil. The example is to be followed in Norway, where, in consequence of emigration, there is a dearth of laborers.

Henry Thomas Spindler, who died recently at Brentford, England, if he age eighty-four, was for many years connected with the Virginia Southern Railway. He was a friend to Charles Dickens, and possessed many relics of the great novelist, including proofs with his alterations upon them.

The Voice of the People.

A Monument to Stonewall Jackson.

Editor of The Times-Dispatch:
Sir—In reply to a query as to whether there was a monument to Stonewall Jackson, you very properly point to a monument in the Capitol Square, which was presented to the State of Virginia by English admirals of the great soldier.

But you ought, also, to have mentioned the monument in Lexington, in which our great sculptor, Edwa. V. Valentine, has given us a veritable Stonewall Jackson in bronze.

After he had finished his superb recumbent figure of Lee—in my judgment the finest work of art on this continent—Lexington, Va., the committee did not hesitate to give him a commission for the Jackson monument, and the result fully justified their confidence.

Valentine's statue of Lee, recently unveiled, will add to his reputation, as will his Lee, which the State has ordered for the Capitol in Washington, and it is hoped that he may have many more orders for Confederate monuments.

Richmond, Va. J. WM. JONES.

A Hint to the Postal Authorities.

Editor of The Times-Dispatch:
Sir—For the information of the Postoffice Department, may I ask that you publish the following: I received a postal card on June 22d, postmarked "Norfolk, Va., June 18, 1907, 11:30 P. M."—three days late; I received a letter on June 24th, postmarked, "Richmond, Va., June 24, 1907, 7 P. M."—three days late; I received a letter on June 24th, postmarked, "Norfolk, Va., June 20, 1907, 10 A. M."—three days late. To show it is nothing but carelessness and gross negligence, I received June 24th, a letter from "Norfolk, Va., June 22, 1907, 1 P. M.," also. The Times-Dispatch printed in morning reaches me at 1 P. M. of that day. The blunders or mistakes are without any excuse. Just do your duty. This is a notable example of the indifference of those long in power and think no show for a change. I do wish we could turn them out.

J. N. STUBBS.

Wood's Cross Roads, Va.

Federal Monuments in the South.

Editor of The Times-Dispatch:
Sir—Will you kindly ascertain for me, please, whether or not the State of Virginia has made a monument to Stonewall Jackson, and if so, where it is located?

It is far from my desire to raise any sectional issue, but as a matter of fact, the monument to Stonewall Jackson, which is now in the hands of the State, is a monument to the Confederacy. It is a monument to the Confederacy, and it is a monument to the Confederacy. It is a monument to the Confederacy, and it is a monument to the Confederacy.

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